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CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XX PITTSBURGH, PA., MARCH 1947 NUMBER 8



MARY AND DAVID DALZELL OF SOUTH EGREMONT, MASSACHUSETTS

Artist: Anonymous

American Provincial Painting
from the Collection of Edward Duff Balken

CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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WILLIAM FREW, Editor

JEANNETTE F. SENEFF, Editorial Assistant

VOLUME XX

NUMBER 8

MARCH 1947

LONG, LONG AGO

The quaint portrait on the cover has the nostalgic charm of a bygone day. Its innocent appeal is not unlike that of a time-yellowed diary of 1860 which happened to come to the Editor and which, because of the Carnegie reference, is of interest to friends of the Institute. The girlish entries were made by Amanda A. Pershing, a student at the Pittsburgh Female College, who was a cousin of Dr. I. C. Pershing, then president of the College.

May 21, 1860

This is my birthday. Seventeen years have gone—flown away—who knows where? Time is carrying us around. They that know us now, may know us no more forever.

I who am at Pittsburgh Female College may revert, look back to it with great pleasure when far away from here in my western home (in Indiana). But I must quit, for it is ten o'clock. The street watchmen are crying their nightly cry: "Past ten o'clock—all's well—ten o'clock!"

October 5, 1860

When the Prince of Wales got into the car prepared especially for him the band played some most enchanting airs. The Prince stood on the rear platform of the car and we had a good view of him. He looks to be about 6 or 6½ feet in height. Light hair and I suppose eyes. Is about nineteen years of age. A brown coat, striped pants, and white spats.

The Duke of Newcastle and Baron—accompanied him but I did not look at them very much. We stayed until the cars left, when we hurried home expecting to get a half dozen demerits for having run off. But nothing said yet.

No date

We have had a quarreling time for a day or two. Lollie, Kate, and I do not speak.

May 10, 1861

The horrors of a civil war now hover over us. Companies are being formed continually. Great excitement prevails. All quarrels have been settled and nothing to jar our domestic happiness.

The most of us are trying to make our hair curl. Time will tell whether we succeed or not.

There are two young telegraph operators living near the college who are of considerable interest to us. Their names are Tom and Andrew Carnegie.

Miss Frances E. Willard and Miss Jennie Eddy are two of my teachers of whom I am very fond.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

4400 FORBES STREET

HOURS: 10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M., weekdays
2:00 to 6:00 P.M., Sundays

Carnegie Institute Broadcasts

Tuesday at 6:45 P.M., from WCAE

MUSIC HALL

Organ Recitals by Marshall Bidwell
Saturdays at 8:15 P.M.
Sundays at 4:00 P.M.

Lenten season lecture-recitals
by Marshall Bidwell
Saturdays, 8:15 P.M.

MARCH

- 1—"Organ Compositions of Harvey B. Gaul"
- 8—"Saint-Saëns, the Versatile Composer"
Catherine Keppel Fischer, pianist
- 15—"Widor, Father of French Organists"
- 22—"Some Famous Pre-Bach Composers"
- 29—"Elizabethan Music"
Peabody High School A Cappella Choir
Florence L. Shute, conductor

MUSEUM

Illustrated lectures

Sundays, 2:15 P.M., Lecture Hall

MARCH

- 2—"Western Experiences"
J. LeRoy Kay
Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology
- 9—"The Geography of Pittsburgh"
M. Graham Netting
Museum Curator of Herpetology;
Assistant Professor of Geography,
University of Pittsburgh
- 16—"Expedition and Exhibition"
Ottmar F. Von Fuehrer
Artist and Associate Preparator
- 23—"Mormon Land"
Alfred M. Bailey, Director
Colorado Museum of Natural History

FINE ARTS GALLERIES

Associated Artists of Pittsburgh
37th Annual Exhibition
—through March 13

Special exhibition galleries open weekdays
2:00 to 10:00 P.M. and Sundays 2:00 to 6:00
P.M. during the Associated Artists exhibit.

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Water Colors

from the 57th Annual American Exhibition
of The Art Institute of Chicago
—through March 23

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Paintings, Drawings, Prints, and Posters
by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec
March 6—April 20

CARNEGIE LIBRARY

HOURS: 9:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M., weekdays
2:00 to 6:00 P.M., Sundays

OUT OF THE SMOG

By C. KERMIT EWING

President, Associated Artists of Pittsburgh

ONE of the most vigorous and stimulating exhibitions of painting, sculpture, and crafts ever presented by the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh is currently being shown in the third-floor galleries of Carnegie Institute. For thirty-six years the Institute has recognized and honored the artists and craftsmen of Pittsburgh by extending the use of its galleries to the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh for their annual exhibition.

Interest in the plastic and graphic arts and crafts has grown, and each year the Associated Artists receive a great many requests for membership from those with both vocational and avocational interests. Public response has been excellent, with the official attendance last year checked at twenty-five thousand. Membership in the Association is open to any resident of Greater Pittsburgh and neighboring suburbs who is a painter, print-maker, sculptor, or craftsman, designing and executing original work.

The extensive and varied list of awards will attest to the patronage enjoyed by the members of the Association. The One Hundred Friends of Pittsburgh Art, with their purchases totaling a thousand dollars, contribute an incentive to the local artist and an untold apprecia-

tive response from the students in the public schools, where these paintings are hung.

All these factors have created an organization rather unique to Pittsburgh. Each year, members of the jury are surprised and impressed with our entries.

Every year the Association's board of directors makes up a list of painters, sculptors, and craftsmen, each outstanding in his field of expression, and presents this list to the active membership for a vote of preference. This year's jury was composed of Karl Zerbe, Boston; Revington Arthur, Norwalk, Connecticut; Jack Levine, New York;

Gaetano Cecere, sculptor, New York; and Edward Winter, craftsman, Cleveland. Their high artistic accomplishments and varied experiences brought an understanding and resourcefulness to our exhibition which would have been welcomed and honored on any jury.

The three painters had the largest problem: that of selecting between 225 and 250 oil paintings from 650 entries; 80 to 100 water colors from 255 entries; and 35 black and whites from 100 drawings and prints. In addition to this they had to award a total of fifteen prizes in these three categories. In view of these responsibilities and the time element



THE ISLAND BY BALCOMB GREENE
Association's First Prize



HILL DISTRICT LANDSCAPE BY HARRY W. SCHEUCH
Carnegie Institute Prize

involved it is natural that, in the opinion of our members, some capable work is rejected and less successful entries accepted. This is inevitable and will continue to exist as long as personal opinion is the method of evaluating a work of art. Should this cease to be the case, then artistic expression will have lost its individuality and been reduced to an accepted pattern and formula.

The over-all impression of the show is a very healthy one. It is broad in style, ranging from the frank honest primitive to the pure non-objective. For the past few years the abstract paintings have been hung in a separate gallery. This year they are interspersed with the other paintings throughout the galleries. This strengthens the show and in turn reinforces them by their position next to realistic painting. The naughty-child attitude associated with the Abstract group due to its segregation has been removed, and the public

should be free to appraise its contribution to the total expression of the styles of painting presented.

The artistry of the presentation is the result of the skillful planning of Henry Nash and his associates. From the wide assortment of sizes, styles, colors, techniques, and subjects he organizes the galleries into a beautifully integrated whole. The balance and pattern is so complete it can be entirely missed, which in a negative way is high praise, since it testifies to its completeness. Abrupt contrast and subtle transition are employed to provide the most effective presentation of each and every entry.

An exhibition by artists of so relatively small a geographical area would naturally tend to produce a similar tendency, namely, to paint the local scene. Pittsburgh provides an ever changing kaleidoscopic scene which calls for an extremely sensitive and thorough understanding to interpret properly. I have observed a great many painters, visiting Pittsburgh for the first time, thrill to the ruggedness and strength so evident in our hills, rivers, and the bridges reaching out steel fingers to cling to the opposite banks. The houses discolored by years of weathering, the narrow streets, congested and dirty back yards, all serve to support the idea that Pittsburgh is a painter's city. With this fresh impression before them it is very logical that the jury should honor Harry Scheuch with the Carnegie Institute Prize of two hundred dollars for the best group of two oil paintings—*Chit Chat* and *Hill District Landscape*. Each of these paint-

ings possesses the social content with which Jack Levine has been occupied for years. The same heavy burden, the sadness, sometimes despair, and frequent biting satire can be found in both Scheuch and Levine's work. In *Hill District Landscape* Mr. Scheuch depicts the congested, poorly housed condition prevalent in our city. It is a theme he has returned to with regularity over the past fifteen years. And it is more than echo of his *Soho Portrait* of last year, which went on to be included in the Pepsi-Cola Annual, and attract the attention of the Whitney Museum. His squat little people are helpless victims of their environment. In an enlightened world that can split the atom, Mr. Scheuch, through paint, is delivering a powerful sermon on a condition existing within our society. He has selected the Christmas season. Against a setting of defaced, decaying buildings, beautifully woven into a fabric of subtle color passages rich in texture, he has placed his figures in the act of selecting Christmas trees. But here Christmas appears to be an empty symbol and it is through Mr. Scheuch's ability to give expression to his idea that we respond to the tragedy which he feels. This painter has been searching for a truth in his local scene and most certainly in these two successful paintings he has discovered it.

The jury, in awarding the Association's First Prize of one hundred and fifty dollars to Balcomb Greene, honored one of Pittsburgh's leading abstract painters. *The Island* has continued the direction found in his *Heirloom Man* of last year. Where some of his abstractions give the spectator a clue to the objective source material around which the picture has been constructed, *The Island* fails to do so. This one factor establishes the wide breach between the artist working in this purely abstract manner and his audience. The layman has been led to expect a semblance of reality in painting. Further he expects a narrative, or a stage set with characters playing out their parts. He wants to be told the plot, whether it deals

with conditions existing in our society, past or present. Actually he has denied himself the intuitive response to the form present in painting. He cannot respond to the interplay of forms established through color, line, and texture. The tensions, contrasts, and rhythms escape the spectator because he has been so conditioned by subject matter. Until the spectator readjusts his set of values by purging it of its dependency upon objective forms, he will continue to be confused by the type of painting with which Mr. Greene is preoccupied.

The Association's Second Prize of one hundred dollars was awarded to Frederick Franck. *St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway* is a freely brushed, direct piece of painting. Those familiar with our exhibitions have come to associate a rich full palette and a sketchy sure technique with the paintings by Dr. Franck.

The Association's Third Prize of fifty dollars was awarded to Richard Wilt for his *Professor and Wife*. Mr. Wilt is indebted to the Cubists for the foundation of his highly individual style. His fluctuating planes recall *Nude Descending the Stairs* by Marcel Duchamp. For some time Mr. Wilt has been develop-



HILDA BY SIDNEY SIMON

Martin Leisser School of Design Alumnae Prize

ing paintings with an emphasis upon flat color reinforced by outlines, and in all three of his oils this year he achieves a new high level through an enriched use of color and a more complex spatial structure. Working in a similar manner of a simpler nature is Daniel Lee Kuruna in *Composition "N"* and *Derelicts*—1932. They are somber and solid and worthy of attention.

Paul A. Wherry, with *Composition 19*, won the Henry Posner Prize of seventy-five dollars for figure composition. Here is an artist's artist, a strong virile painter with a direct heavy manner of presenting his compositions, which to date have dealt with genre themes. This young man is just starting to paint and I have reason to believe that we shall hear more of his talents as he continues to develop. Just last month he received a top award in the New Year's show at the Butler Art Institute, Youngstown, Ohio.

Another young person to gain recognition this year is Irene Waichler Pasinski. Her composition, *What We See from Our Back Porch*, received the Christian J. Walter Memorial Prize of fifty dollars for the best painting of a local subject. This prize is not an easy one to decide because of the great number of paintings which fall logically into this category. For comparison, view *Joe G's* by Joseph T. Lappan, painted in a style not unlike that of Pasinski but less like that of Stuart Davis. *What We See from Our Back Porch* is a refreshing, light bit of painting, but I wonder if it expresses an indigenous idiom characteristic of Pittsburgh.

The memory of Martin Leisser is continued through alumnae of his School of Design, who give an award to the Association each year. Sidney Simon received the portrait prize of one hundred dollars this year with his study, *Hilda*. His *Air Raid* of last year was a more ambitious piece and the comparison only tends to make *Hilda* appear to be a bit thin, particularly so in color. Charles LeClair, the new director of art at Pennsylvania College for Women, has



THE DICTATOR BY RUSSELL TWIGGS
Association's Abstract Prize

a rich, warm, freely executed, informal portrait, *Guthrie*. I can imagine it received a lot of consideration from the jury as this portrait award was being decided.

For the third year an Abstract Painting Prize has been offered, and this year one of the men who has devoted his attention in this direction for as long as twenty years received the Association's Abstract Prize of seventy-five dollars. Russell Twiggs' *The Dictator* is an abstract full of symbols and associative forms. One can easily identify the spear, the banners, the falcon, and the figure. Here Mr. Twiggs has turned aside from his flat-color areas and limited palette to a texturally sensuous, rhythmic sequence of planes. Mr. Twiggs has an unflinching compositional sense and his forms never violate the two-dimensional surface of his picture plane, but they are by no means flat surface decorations. He has nearly eliminated the representational aspect in exchange for a stronger formal one. Movement is established by the slightest tilt of a plane, and space is created by the simple method of recessive planes. The dynamics that give

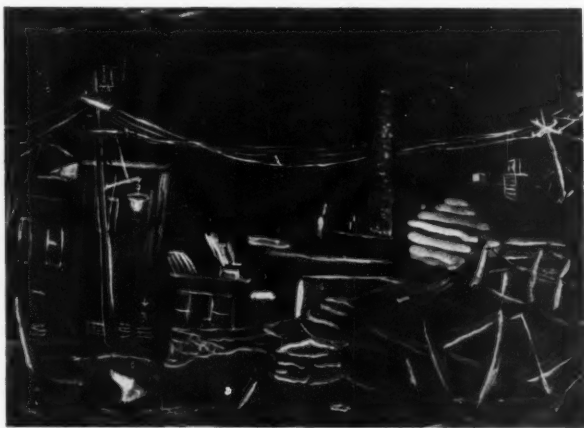
power to the whole composition resulting from these existing inner tensions cannot be explained away so easily as I might imply. The simple compositions are most difficult and Mr. Twiggs is never guilty of incorporating extraneous detail to compensate for faulty formal structure. The collage origin of this and other compositions by Mr. Twiggs can be detected, but the final form goes so far beyond the thin cut-paper beginning, because of the creative and technical accomplishments of the artist, that we need only be concerned with the final finished product and not its origins. As "chairman" of the local Abstract group of painters, he maintains his front-rank position. It would benefit a great many of his Abstract associates to study his paintings more closely.

Once again Marty Lewis Cornelius is given a bow, and is the recipient of the Garden Club of Allegheny County Prize of fifty dollars for the best floral painting. Both Marty and her sister Aleta have developed a style peculiar to themselves. An extremely detailed and frequently modeled three-dimensional form has become their hallmark. Few flower studies were accepted, but *In My Easter Bonnet* by Marty will delight or disturb you, depending upon your temperament.

The last oil award given was a new one offered by Jacques Blum of Gimbel Brothers. Since Samuel Rosenberg has won all the awards ever offered by the Association, this new prize provided another opportunity for local recognition. Mr. Rosenberg started to exhibit with the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh when he was seventeen

years old. His influence can be felt as one views the paintings throughout the galleries. Over the years many local painters have come under the influence and tutelage of Samuel Rosenberg. His painting, *The Counselors*, lent by Gladys Schmitt, is an accomplished piece and one which could very easily take its place beside *Israel* in the Permanent Collection.

To make reference only to the prize-winning paintings would result in a point of view conditioned entirely by the jury. In an exhibition of this size it is reasonable that dozens of paintings will attract your attention. Among those which cause you to stop and question one way or another is *Holiday* by Carolin McCreary. A large, open composition of fresh, clean, sun-drenched sand and blue water. Notice, too, her portrait of Adele Dolohkov. Mrs. McCreary's nonchalance can easily fool you into believing that painting is, oh so easy. Richard Felser has worked long and hard on his *3:07 A. M.* He has succeeded in realizing an idea but is indebted perhaps to Ralston Crawford. Clifford E. Jones, in his *The Reluctant Reveler*, has lived up to the ability that won him a Prix de Rome in the late thirties. The strong color and pattern



THE SMOKESTACK BY LEONARD LIEB
Charles J. Rosenbloom Prize

show an understanding consistent with the attitude of the American Academy, but different in its style. *The Agitator* by Elliott R. Twery will stop and hold you by its color and shapes. Eclecticism is healthy, but I imagine the jury found too many passages reflecting George Grosz, a section from Jose Orozco's mural in the Orphanage at Guadalajara, and Jack Levine had plenty of opportunity to see some little Levines. In *The Agitator* is real talent and a highly developed skill which needs time to establish a personal idiom. John Fraser is back in the exhibition after being absent a few years. His *Continental Divide* is a solid painting. Mavis Bridgewater has woven her Mexican markets into rich patterns of light and shade. Leonard Lieb's *Uptown—Pittsburgh* is local color translated into a rich, warm sequence of surfaces. William Libby has continued his attention to detail and created *Morning of the Seventh Day*, a tempera which provides contrast to Scheuch, Lieb, Clarkson, and others.

This year the water-color section was reduced to a collection of 88 pieces from a total of 254 entries. For years juries have expressed their disapproval of our water-color section. Personally I feel there are, on a percentage basis, fewer weak paintings in water color and gouache than in oil. The opportunity to compare the collection from the Chicago Annual Water Color Show currently being shown at the Carnegie Institute helped me come to this conclusion.

Four prizes were given in this section of the Associated Artists exhibition. The Charles J. Rosenbloom Prize of seventy-five dollars went to Leonard Lieb for his small study of a local scene, called *Smokestack*.

The Pearl Mills Doherty Prize of fifty dollars was awarded to Gertrude Temeles for her *Sailboats*. Miss Temeles is proving to be a

very versatile painter, constantly adjusting her style and adapting her medium to meet the expressive demands of her concept.

The Association's First Water Color Prize of fifty dollars went to Sidney J. Navratil for his small study, *Baiting Fighter Cocks*. It reflects the mood and style of Pop Hart's studies of the same theme.

The Association's Second Water Color Prize of twenty-five dollars was taken by Louise Pershing. Her gouache, *The Stairway*, is a semi-abstract which demonstrates her ability to build an interesting composition with ease.

The traditional method of handling water color might have been slighted by the jury, but that doesn't prevent the public from responding favorably, as I did, to many paintings in this manner. Jean Thoburn has perfect control of her medium in *September Sunshine, Chautauqua*. The pure white of the paper and positive color, put down with a bold directness, calls for a sureness which can't be matched by those who work in gouache or casein. Edwin P. Couse is able to paint detail to a marked degree, yet he retains a strong pattern and at all times gives a terrific impact of space. His three water colors set a high level of facility.

The Romantic Realists are very evident in the water-color section. I place



LADY AND MOBILE BY CHARLES LECLAIR
Association's Black and White Prize

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The Blue Brick by Norman Lee at the top of that list, or any list. He is being a realist to the point of becoming a naturalist, or by a slightly different attitude, perhaps, a magic realist—to borrow a term used by The Museum of Modern Art a few years ago. Is it simply a brick wall with a slightly discolored brick which the artist has chosen to paint? Or is it highly symbolical, with the blue brick the jewel, the precious stone one finds on very rare occasions among common clay? When one can find so many pieces which stimulate and excite the imagination, then the unfortunate and false importance attached to prizes is honestly understood. Marjorie Wickerham Schroeder has established a rich somber mood, consistent with the Romantic concept, in *City Scape*, an ornate Victorian brick house dramatically silhouetted against a turbulent sky. John D. Clarkson in *The Old Shaw Mansion* has created a paper which becomes an excellent companion piece to it. Margaret Jensen, Roland Gentilcore, Eliza Critchlow, Ralph Reynolds, Milton Weiss, and Edith Reilly—all are reflecting their recent visits to Provincetown and Rockport. Anita Freund Morganstern gives us a very light touch in *Taxco Roof Tops*. A highly personal piece is *Spirit Starts Flight* by Minerva Lynch. Jane Witherpoon has created a beautiful passage of simply treated planes, reminiscent of Charles Demuth, in *Stable Mates*. Helen Hersperger is another painter whose gouaches reflect a highly intuitive response. Her compositions depict this extremely personal conception and to compare her paintings to those of another would serve no purpose. What the artist has to say I have always con-



ADAM BY ADOLPH DIÖDA
Pressley T. Craig Memorial Prize

sidered extremely important, and there is a lot being stated in the water-color section if you will linger long enough to discover it.

This year the members of the Associated Artists were encouraged to enter additional black and whites in this exhibition, with the result that 100 were entered, of which 38 were accepted. The Association's Black and White Prize of twenty-five dollars was awarded to Charles Le Clair for his *Lady and Mobile*. It is a large, solid, brush drawing in opaque white on black paper—a very striking piece which, by its size, tends to dwarf the smaller drawings and prints. William Libby, through his excellent draftsmanship, has given us in *Spring Fever* a beautifully rendered scratchboard which receives an honorable mention. Peter Lupori has three lithographs and a drawing which main-

tain his high standard as a draftsman and technician.

The sculpture section has always been popular with both artists and laymen, and once again the room devoted to sculpture, crafts, and black and whites will prove to be the one which holds your attention longest. The sculpture presented includes pieces in stone, terra cotta, wood, and plaster. Janet de Coux is represented with her limestone group, *Annunciation to Sarah and Abraham*, which she did not submit for competition. Mary Lee Kennedy has worked a beautiful long piece of antique mahogany into an elongated female torso which she appropriately calls *Sylph*. The thoroughly integrated forms executed with a complete understanding of the properties of her material and use of tools attest to her status as a professional sculptor.

The Carnegie Institute Prize went to Erwin Kalla for his *Prophet*. This top prize of one hundred dollars was awarded for a tall, thin, postured figure executed in plaster and tinted a dull black. The Society of Sculptors' Prize of twenty-five dollars was received by Henry Bursztynowicz for his small standing figure, *The Patriarch*, executed in terra cotta. Both of these pieces reflect more than a trace of eclecticism.

The Pressley T. Craig Memorial Prize of fifty dollars was won by one of our most accomplished young sculptors, Adolph Dioda. His granite *Adam* at a glance reflects the skill possessed by this young sculptor. Last month his recognition in the Philadelphia Academy further testifies to his accomplishments. The Association's Sculpture Prize of seventy-five dollars was awarded to Eliza Miller for her large terra-cotta figure, *Johnny Applesseed*. In its directness of statement lies its virtue.



CIGARETTE JAR AND BOWL BY EDGAR J. TRAPP
SANCTUARY BELL BY ARTHUR J. PULOS
Vernon Benshoff Company Prize

The craftsmen once again present the most varied exhibit of the show. In our highly mechanized and specialized world it is good to find so many people continuing the traditional crafts of silversmithing, bookbinding, weaving, ceramics, and jewelry. Excellent examples of each of these areas of creativeness will attract and intrigue you. The problem of starting with a piece of metal, spools of yarn, or clay, and shaping them to your will, to create a form which will answer both functional and esthetic needs, demands a disciplined mind. The inherent properties of the material and processes by which it may be worked must be combined with a feeling for the final design or form which it is to become. Our finest craftsmen possess admirable taste, and their works are always beautifully balanced.

Edgar J. Trapp and Arthur J. Pulos have continued to excel at silversmithing. Mr. Trapp, with a silver-plated cigarette jar and bowl, shares the Vernon Benshoff Company Prize of fifty dollars with Mr. Pulos' silver and ivory

sanctuary bell. Virgil D. Cantini and Wesley A. Mills, with their distinctive ceramics, divide the honor of receiving the C. Fred Sauereisen Prize of fifty and twenty-five dollars respectively. Mr. Cantini has furthered his study of glazes and produced some beautiful deep and subtle colors. Mr. Mills' attention has been in the direction of experimental bodies and surface decorations. His combed geometric patterns are forthright and honest. Mr. Cantini, with his unusual shapes, and Mr. Mills' individual surfaces promote the integrity of ceramics.

Mrs. Roy Arthur Hunt's Prize of fifty dollars also was divided, with one half going to Harriet F. Davis for three of her nine ceramic entries; the other half to Irene Waichler Pasinski for her red onyx and silver bracelet. Mrs. Davis made her first small piece of pottery a year and a half ago. That experience presented an entirely new field of creative activity for her. Without benefit of further formal instruction she has experimented with clay bodies, shapes, and glazes. Her entries express a personal taste which will evolve into a clearly defined style. Congratulations, Mrs. Davis! Mrs. Pasinski set an all-time record by receiving an award in both painting and jewelry.

Agnes Bittaker dominates the jewelry display with twelve pieces. Unfortunately Miss Bittaker cannot produce enough items to meet the demand, with the result that only three of her entries are for sale. Mr. Winter, the crafts juror, was pleased with her playful "Abstract pin set with tourmalines" and the very simple Mexican jade ring to which he awarded the Association's craft prize of twenty-five dollars.

Three beautifully bound volumes by Thomas W. Patterson stand alone and in craftsmanship rate four gold stars.

Four members—Harriet L. Jenny, Bertha Gill Johnston, Annie Craig McClurg, and Mabel H. Templin—have contributed a dozen pieces of weaving. They are all skillfully executed but not entirely original in design. The aprons

show an influence from Oaxaca, Mexico, and several of the other pieces are patterned over Colonial designs. The Mexican and Colonial motifs are beautiful but shouldn't the weaver seek new contemporary patterns, as do the book-binder, the silversmith, the ceramist?

This review has been written days in advance of the opening date and I have not benefited by the opinion of the public or press. Those of us responsible for cataloguing and arranging the exhibition consider it the finest in our memory and evidence that the local artists are contributing vitally to the culture of Pittsburgh.

NOW ON DISPLAY

THE Section of Ethnology now adds to its displays the following: American muzzle-loading hunting rifles; North American Indian basketry; modern Pueblo Indian pottery from the Zuni and Sia tribes; and African ethnological material.

SPRING ARRIVALS LOCALLY (AVERAGE DATE)

Robin	February 22
Bluebird	25
Bronzed Grackle	March 8
Killdeer	13
Meadowlark	13
Red-winged Blackbird	13
Fox Sparrow	15
Canada Goose	17
Mourning Dove	17
Cowbird	20
Towhee	22
Field Sparrow	23
Wilson Snipe	25
Belted Kingfisher	25
Vesper Sparrow	25
Flicker	26
Phoebe	26
Chipping Sparrow	27

The Cardinal, Song Sparrow, and Chickadee are all brave souls who stay north the year around. The first bird to break its winter silence is always the Cardinal, whose cheery whistling begins in late January, just when the lengthening of the days becomes noticeable. Soon the Song Sparrow, cheerful optimist that he is, joins the chorus, and the Chickadee's fairylike "phoebe" notes mark the first sunny day in February.

—W. E. C. T.

CHARACTER AND ENGINEERING

Forty-fifth Commencement Address at Carnegie Institute of Technology

By HOWARD N. EAVENSON

Trustee, Carnegie Institute of Technology



RAY KLINE

WHEN President Doherty asked me to talk to you today and said that a large majority of the class were engineering graduates, it occurred to me that perhaps some observations arising from more than half a century's practice of engineering—about half of the time in the employment of corporations and the balance of it as a consulting engineer—might be interesting and, I trust, helpful to you. A consulting engineer is somewhat in the same category as a preacher, in that much of the time he gives advice he often cannot follow himself, and which the client may or may not follow, depending on the kind of work involved and business and other conditions, even when he knows the advice is sound.

The most important trait an engineer needs in his profession is character, and in order that this may be understood we must determine what is meant by character. Dictionaries give twelve or more definitions of the word, varying from that of a mark or feature, through good repute, to the one meant here: "The sum of the inherited and acquired ethical traits which give to a person his moral individuality." What this latter quality is depends upon conscience, or "the moral judgment of the individual

applied to his own conduct, in distinction from his perception of right and wrong in the abstract, and to the conduct of others."

Most of us have given little thought as to how man has acquired his conscience and character as we now understand it, thinking probably it was inherited, was the result of early church training, or that it just grew. In my early days most people thought that the age of man was outlined in the book of Genesis, and a quite definite time could be set for it. In fact, this idea is still prevalent in many parts of our land, and some of you can remember a famous trial held in Tennessee some years ago in which one of the counsel was an ex-Secretary of State, where the credibility of statements such as mentioned was at stake. You have learned here, however, as a result of the discoveries and studies of the last ninety years, that man began as an unmoral savage hundreds of thousands of years ago, and that he has passed through many ages which may be classed in several ways—the ice age, the stone age, the bronze age, and the iron age or age of metals we are now living in being one of the most familiar.

The last of the ice age passed away probably twenty thousand or more years ago, and for a long time there are no records left to show how man was developing, as what records were made could not survive the vicissitudes of climate and the struggle of life. Within recent years our orientalists and scholars have dug up and read many records of civilizations antedating those of the Greeks and Romans by some thousands of years and showing civilizations that existed on a much higher plane than had been dreamed possible. The longest

Mr. Eavenson's photograph is reprinted from *Fortune* magazine by special permission of the Editors. Mr. Kline is with Associated Photographers, Pittsburgh.

Mr. Eavenson heads the Pittsburgh firm of consulting engineers which he established many years ago. One of his interesting projects has been the layout for a town of some 5,000 persons in Kentucky. He is the author of books and technical articles on coal, and a quarter century ago was influential in establishing the Coal Research Laboratory at Carnegie Institute of Technology. Mr. Eavenson is a past president of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers. A graduate of Swarthmore, his favorite hobbies include art and research into American history.

and most complete records so far known are those of the peoples who had lived in the Nile Valley. These peoples had a well-developed civilization and a system of phonetic writing six thousand, and perhaps more, years ago. According to Joseph H. Breasted, perhaps our most famous orientalist, here was made "the first demonstration that the highest vertebrate creature which had appeared on earth could rise from savagery to social idealism, to express in human life something which, as far as we know, was appearing for the first time in the universe. Human experience here brought the first realization of life's highest values and finally culminated in the dawn of conscience and the beginning of what the scholars have called the Age of Character." The earliest appearance of the word "character" belongs to Egyptian records of the twenty-seventh century, B.C. The terms "right," "righteousness," "justice," "truth," and "conscience" all emerged in the written records of that country between 3000 and 2000 B.C.

The same authority again says—and in these troubled times it should be remembered: "In this epoch-making transformation, occurring for the first time on our globe, and so far as we know, for the first time in the universe, the Egyptians were the discoverers of character. It is fundamentally important that the modern world should realize how recent is that discovery. Civilization is built upon character, and the foundations are therefore still so new that we need feel no discourage-

ment if the building has not yet exhibited the stability we may yet hope to see it achieve."

During that period and down to the earliest records of the Hebrews, these early Egyptian writings include many sayings that were copied, some almost verbatim, in the Book of Proverbs.

Most of us in early childhood have been taught the Decalogue and have believed that this covered the entire field of human conduct. There is no commandment, however, saying "Thou shalt not lie," and the only reference to lying is in the one about bearing "false witness," or giving false testimony before the courts which might damage one's neighbor. The ordinary lie was not considered as harmful, or perhaps was too common to attempt its prohibition. Cynics will say that this is still the case and that lying and not truth-telling is the ordinary rule in business, as well as elsewhere.

Some years ago one of our economists wrote a book entitled *The Promises Men Live By*, which examined quite critically the evidence that promises are not usually kept—one form, and a particularly bad one, of lying. His find was that promises made in business are almost always kept, and that only a very small part of them, certainly much less than one per cent, are not carried out. When one considers the hundreds of millions of checks that are used in this country, probably more than in all the rest of the world, and how very few of them ever "bounce back," one must concede that little lying is done in this category. From personal experience in the wholesale coal business, which deals with a class of customers where business fatalities are frequent, I can state that no well-managed concern loses more than a small fraction of one per cent of its accounts because of broken promises.

It is a truism to those having experience with government bureaus that government business is much more unmoral than private business, and that the latter could not long survive if

conducted on the same plane. It is needless to cite the many instances of this that are available, but one cannot refrain from instancing many of the federal laws passed during the past decade which were so skillfully, and undoubtedly willfully, drawn that the administrative bodies and the courts now interpret their meanings to be vastly different and in some cases nearly opposite to statements made by their sponsors on the floors of Congress as to what was covered by the law and what the intention was. Readings of the current debates before the UNO will show instances of the same sort.

In spite of all this, let us hope and expect that the following quotation from Emerson is true:

"We think our civilization near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star. In our barbarous society the influence of character is in its infancy."

Why is character so important to the engineer? In the long run perhaps it is no more so than to any other person, but engineering work is based on facts and, whether you collect them for yourself or incorporate them in a report upon which some superior must base his judgment and make his decision, they must be correct and must represent all the data obtainable, whether agreeing with your own ideas or not. The party to whom you report must be able to depend absolutely on your reports; you may make an error in judgment, but few people will care for that if it was made honestly and in good faith. The essential thing is that whatever you do is done to the best of your ability, that it gives all the information available, and that you can be depended upon. Whether the work done is in the laboratory, or in the office, or in the shop, makes no difference—its dependability is its most important factor.

Anyone who does any work is certain to make mistakes, and probably most of you are more certain now that you will make none than you will be some years from now. I know I was. I

can still recall a mistake that was made in designing some steel work under my charge many years ago that later resulted in its collapse and the loss of thousands of dollars. A statement of the facts and an acceptance of responsibility ended the matter and it was never mentioned again.

What dependability and character mean in business can be illustrated by an occurrence at a famous Pittsburgh trial some years ago. The sale of a large property involving many millions of dollars was involved, and the president of the purchasing company gave a list of the properties purchased and finally stated that an unknown liability was also involved. When asked the amount of this, he replied he did not know but had been told by Mr. A, a famous Pittsburgh engineer and one of the sellers, that it would not exceed one million dollars. In further answer to a statement of the improbability of anyone's accepting this, he replied that A's word was good to him for a million dollars at any time.

Many years ago the recapitalization of a large manufacturing concern created practically overnight a large number of millionaires, men who had been interested financially but had no experience in the responsibilities involved in such fortunes. Some of these men had sufficient character to withstand this experience and were honored in their communities in their later lives; the names of the others are hardly known, even to their contemporaries.

Many instances may be cited from contemporary life where the absence of character and dependability in public life has led to the almost complete eclipse of many figures in the limelight, when once their public position has been left.

There are two other things I want to suggest to you. No matter in what form of science you are engaged, join the national society representing your profession whether it is chemical, electrical, mechanical, or civil engineering; attend the meetings and enter into the

proceedings; and while at first the expense may seem heavy, you can make no investment that will give you such returns in information, advancement in your work, and friendship. Remember always that the more you put into such an organization, the more will it return to you.

When you can, take up a hobby that will keep your interest and provide amusement and satisfaction for your leisure, preferably of a different character from your daily work. You will derive intense satisfaction from this in your later years and probably prolong them. Most educated Englishmen have some hobby—it may be anything to interest them—which they look for-

ward to pursuing in earnest when they can retire from their business life, and frequently work more at it than they did regularly. Most Americans do not take the time to have a hobby until it is too late to start one, and they always regret it.

I trust that nothing I have said will be understood as meaning that character in its highest sense is not necessary for all of us, as the sole aim has been to emphasize its importance in the class of work all engineers and scientific men do. It may all be summed up in the words of our greatest poet:

This above all—to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

HONORARY DEGREE GIVEN



DR. RUFUS HENRY FITZGERALD, chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh, was recipient of the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Commencement. The presentation is

one more link in the chain of mutual interests of the two great local institutions and was the more impressive because it was only the second honorary degree to be bestowed by Tech in its forty-one years' history, the first having been granted in 1913.

The citation was made by B. Kenneth Johnstone, director of the College of Fine Arts at Carnegie, with the following remarks:

"Mr. President, I have the honor to present for the degree of Doctor of Laws, Rufus Henry Fitzgerald, chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh.

"Though a loyal son of the South, who graduated from Guilford College in North Carolina and the University of

Tennessee, he followed the pursuit of knowledge from university to university even when it crossed the Mason and Dixon line. In his field of education he has shown himself a vigorous scholar, a modest and quietly efficient administrator, but above all, a loyal friend of students and faculty.

"Mr. Fitzgerald's entire career has been marked by a singular devotion to young men and women. In his early academic days he served as general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in three universities. From 1928 until his association with our sister institution, he occupied the distinguished post of professor and head of the Department of the History and Appreciation of Fine Arts and Director of the School of Fine Arts at the University of Iowa.

"Steeped in knowledge of the creative arts, he has followed the tradition of the great masters. His canvas has been youth. His palette, held in a firm hand, has overflowed with the cool colors of wisdom, the warm colors of unselfish devotion, and the highlight of sincerity. He has painted in bold colors.

"No museum will ever hold his works, for they live among us."

AMERICAN PROVINCIAL PAINTINGS

BY WALTER READ HOVEY

Head, Department of Fine Arts, University of Pittsburgh

PROVINCIAL art must always have a certain interest. Like old letters reread it recreates some homely scene or personal recollection which, because of its genuineness and sincerity, appeals even to those unfamiliar with the particular subject. And then through the passing years, later generations find in this art an intimacy which speaks their background. Of course there is no sharp distinction between provincial and what might be called cosmopolitan art. The one merges into the other. Yet the standards of judgment are different, just as the standards of living vary. But esthetic qualities are always illusive, and if in provincial painting one is shocked by the bad drawing or poor paint quality, one should remember that Giotto did not draw like Raphael.

There is a category into which each creative expression must fall, for art is always a part of its environment. This is why American provincial painting is extremely interesting. It reflects a peculiar and noble heritage. In the exhibition from the collection of Edward Duff Balken which has just closed at the Carnegie Institute the works belong largely to the early nineteenth century (1780-1877), and the majority were executed in the upper reaches of the Housatonic valley. Chard Powers

Smith, in his volume which forms part of the "Rivers of America" series, speaks of this river as the Puritan River. However austere the Puritan may have been, he certainly approved of portrait painting, and in these portraits something of his character is revealed. Not that these people of the early nineteenth century thought of themselves as Puritans, but they did belong to that tradition.

In almost every case the gentleman holds a Bible, the lady a flower. Lips are tight-drawn, for that was the natural pose. Indeed one wishes

that Hollywood directors might sometimes realize the dignity, not lacking in charm, gained thereby. Yet it should not be forgotten that one reason for these portraits was to decorate the parlor. As such they are skillful in design, often colorful, and with considerable attention given to accessories. It was customary to paint a man and wife on separate canvases, but facing one another, and frequently with hanging curtains to accentuate the composition when hung as a pair on either side of a door or fireplace. As such, the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. George Dresser from Plainville, Connecticut, are excellent examples. They were done about 1840, when the art of the itinerant limner may be said to have been at its height. The



THE GIRL IN PINK

Artist: Anonymous

craftsmanship derives from a folk art which, as often, had inherited some dim recollection of the "grand manner" or, as here, a nostalgia for it. The handsome rosewood frames indicate an awareness of the latest taste in furniture styles.

The portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Gray, framed in gold lacquer, belong to an earlier period, about 1815. Mrs. Gray was from Vermont and first cousin of Ethan Allen, her senior by thirty-six years. She must have been about forty when this was painted, but the custom of wearing bonnets in those days was never flattering. Perhaps taste at that time admired rather the mature and thoughtful type. The queer use of drapery as a background shows how little attention was paid to visual reality, yet at the same time the features are no doubt as truthful as the skill of the artist would allow.

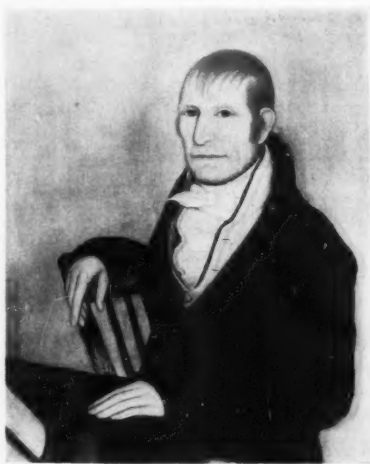
Captain George and his wife from Haverhill, Massachusetts, are as competently handled as any provincial paintings ought to be. Attention is focused on modeling rather than on the silhouette, yet they preserve that forth-



WIFE OF CAPTAIN GEORGE
HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS
Artist: Anonymous

right appeal which somehow stems from the American limner. The portraits of Guion MacGregor and his wife Gabel Swan are fascinating because of their departure from the conventions of the typical limner. They suggest the intricate background which has beset the artist in America, but any guess as to their authorship would be futile. It is difficult to believe that the beautiful, accomplished portraits of Byron Chittenden of Chittenden Falls, or Conner O'Connor of Dalton, Massachusetts, were done locally, for they seem to reveal fresh contacts with English sophistication.

But Pittsfield, Massachusetts, alone could have produced the rendering of Polly Maxon in 1815 and the more skillful and slightly later likeness of Hancock Goodrich of Hancock, Massachusetts. The Polly Maxon, in particular, reveals why modern taste has developed such a fondness for works of this school. The emphasis is upon bold design and a vigorous mental image which suggests but does not imitate the subject. The detailed handling of accessories, the moss rose, the initials in the bracelet, the linear patterns, are all



HANCOCK GOODRICH
HANCOCK, MASSACHUSETTS
Artist: Anonymous

part of the modern desire to create a mood through rhythmic forms or symbols. This painting almost has the power of primitive art; that is to say, it suggests a force greater than the individual. We have come to realize that fundamental instincts have a peculiar emotional appeal which lends itself to simple, forceful design. This impact is felt in the art of primitive peoples and implies a definite mood or attitude. Art does not become primitive then through an inability to attain academic standards, though the term has often been so used. With the provincial artist the issue is not so clearly drawn, for no doubt many would have wished to emulate the style of the masters if they could. However the provincial artist is at his best when unaware of these standards and derives his craft from the tradition of folk art which is essentially decorative. He adds to this aspect the interest of a personal theme or a local subject.

Always in every art there is a point when the skill of the artist exactly conforms to the esthetic standards of his environment. The Hancock Goodrich portrait comes close to this achievement. It is provincial art at its best.

It is natural that portraits of children were popular in these country districts. That of Mary and David Dalzell of South Egremont, Massachusetts, is unusually fine. It was executed about 1845, when the Berkshires were becoming famous as the summer retreat and inspiration for our best writers. This was the year when Longfellow wrote *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, thinking of Elm Knoll in Pittsfield. The Dalzell children are richly dressed and the botany book held by David suggests the cultural and intellectual background of the region. The collection contains several portraits of children, some with considerable personality; others, as that of Hetty E. Taber, too conventionalized in the manner of folk art without individuality. The *Little Flower Girl*, a small oil on a wooden panel painted about 1830, is intriguing. The sad little face

haunts one but lacks the vigor of the native craftsman who never hesitated to show adenoids or other deformities.

By far the most decorative and beguiling portrait is *The Girl in Pink*, done about 1830. This has the charm of certain Elizabethan paintings. It is not strange that this should be, for the relationship between the native English artist of this period and continental work was exactly the same as that between the provincial painter of America of about 1830 and the European academician. To be sure, the English craftsman was closer to a great tradition of design, the medieval one, and his work was apt to be crisper and more elegant. Nevertheless it would be difficult to exceed the pleasure derived from our anonymous work.

The conversation piece so popular in England in the eighteenth century was a little too difficult for our provincial artists to handle, although they often made the attempt. The nearest approach to it in the present exhibition is in the pair of portraits, *Father and Son* and *Mother and Daughter*, of the Walker family. These are quite early, probably before 1800, and show how relatively little change there really was in this art which flourished for a century. If we contrast these small portraits with that of a *Colonial Dame* attributed to James Earl and executed about the same date, one is struck by the individuality and force of the more austere and native tradition untouched by influences from metropolitan centers.

In the early part of the century it became fashionable for young ladies to take up water-color painting, a vogue which resulted in some strange and unique art forms. The most appealing of these are the numerous fruit pictures often stenciled on velvet. A design of *Bird, Fruit and Flowers*, done with water color and pen on paper and dated 1831, attains real distinction and shows how this formalized technique developed a sense for color and design. The *Landscape Decoration*, painted about 1855, was no doubt the result of this interest and,

while crudely drawn, the emphasis on the beauty of the flower forms and disregard of scale, perspective, and other factors so often held essential, stamps it a work of some creative talent. It has been said that it suggests the distinguished work of Charles Burchfield. It would be pleasant to identify the *Village Common*, dated 1780, but surely the young lady who achieved it was letting her imagination run to the days of skyscrapers, for no church steeple ever looked like that.

The *View of Hudson, New York* was done in 1820. It is a fragment of a memorial, a type of painting much encouraged in young ladies' seminaries. The classically drawn figures in the foreground announce the revival which hit America with so much force at this time and even now lingers here as nowhere else. It was always a strange mingling of romantic and intellectual tendencies and just because of this became distinctive and often charming.

But the Hudson River suggests the more native theme of Rip Van Winkle,

and this is illustrated by a water color done at Rheinbeck, New York, in 1845. Quidor had earlier done some fine imaginative paintings of this subject.

Two large canvases should be mentioned as characteristic of provincial aspirations in landscape painting. One frankly called *Romantic Landscape* was painted about 1850 and obviously inspired by some print or recollection of a ruined castle along the Rhine. The other, a view of Lake George, about 1830, has real grandeur. Unfortunately it has badly cracked, but we can dimly distinguish a maiden approaching two Indians in a canoe. A literary flavor runs through much nineteenth-century painting, and in this subject we see a provincial reflection of the European sentiment toward the "noble savage." This was the background too for Longfellow's *Hiawatha*.

Realism also interested the local artist and usually in a factual sort of way. That is, he wanted to give each detail as he knew it to exist, rather than as it could be seen from any one posi-



VIEW OF HUDSON, NEW YORK, FROM THE WEST

Artist: Anonymous

tion. *The Home Acre*, a water color done about 1850, is a characteristic but rather poorly executed example. Much more remarkable is the view of *Winsted, Connecticut*, painted in oils about 1877 by Sarah E. Harvey. It seems that the collection contains the first oil painting this lady did. It is a small landscape done in 1855 when she was a student at Charlotteville Seminary, New York. She said in 1919 that she had no instruction and had given away nine hundred pictures.

One thinks of Grandma Moses, John Kane, or other self-taught artists who have gained great distinction in recent years. It is well to see the work of these people for what they are—simple, native efforts, rather poor in craftsmanship, rich in sympathy. They form an expression of taste out of which must grow a great national art. This is what justifies the interest of the connoisseur in the provincial artist and gives value to an exhibition such as this.

Mr. Balken is to be congratulated for having assembled these paintings quietly and unobtrusively over a period of years. It is not likely that many more distinguished examples will be discovered. For the most part, the interest in this kind of painting is regional rather than esthetic, but they do have charm as decoration. In the more intimate setting of a country house they are possessed of an even greater appeal than they may have in the spacious formality of a museum.

The catalogue with its excellent introduction will be of value to students of Americana. While little has been done in the way of attribution, almost all are identified as to subject and provenance. The dating in all cases seems fairly certain and has been indicated.

—A D

OF THE SPIRIT

The real issue between nations usually matters little. The spirit in which nations approach each other to effect peaceful settlement is everything. No difference too trifling to create war: none too serious for peaceful adjustment.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

HONOR GIVEN

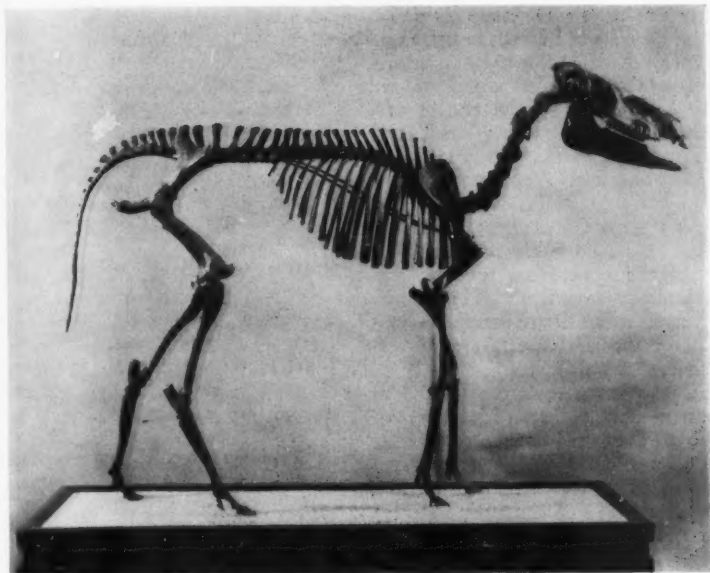
DR. O. E. JENNINGS and E. R. Eller received honorary degrees from Waynesburg College on February 24, with Dr. Paul R. Stewart, president of the College, presiding over the ceremony.

Dean Stanton C. Crawford of the University of Pittsburgh presented Dr. Jennings, who received the degree of Doctor of Laws. He is a graduate of the Ohio State University, received the Doctor of Philosophy degree and later the honorary Doctor of Science from the University of Pittsburgh. He has been associated with the Carnegie Museum, which he now heads, for forty-three years, and is former head of the departments of biology and of botany at the University of Pittsburgh.

Mr. Eller received the degree of Doctor of Science, being presented by Dr. J. LeRoy Kay. He is a graduate of Alfred University and has done graduate work at the University of Buffalo and the University of Pittsburgh. He has been with the Museum since 1931 and has done original research in a new field of science, that is, the investigation of micro-fauna fossils, or scolecodonts, found in geological outcrops and oil well samples, to determine the age of the rock. In this work Mr. Eller has been assisted by grants-in-aid from the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, Princeton University, Geological Society of America, Pennsylvania Academy of Science, National Academy of Science, American Philosophical Society, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

NEW MINERALS

TWO minerals, believed unknown to science until their discovery in the Pittsburgh area recently by David M. Seaman, assistant curator of mineralogy, are being studied by the Mineralogical and Petrographic Department of Harvard University. They will be discussed in a later issue of CARNEGIE MAGAZINE.



ANCESTOR OF THE HORSE

By J. LEROY KAY

Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology, Carnegie Museum

A COMPLETE skeleton of a Miocene horse, *Merychippus*, has been placed on exhibition in the Carnegie Museum's Gallery of Fossil Mammals. It was acquired by an exchange of fossils with the Nebraska State Museum, and adds considerably to the exhibits showing the evolution of the horse.

The gradual evolution from the little three- and four-toed *Eohippus* to the one-toed modern horse is principally along three lines—increase in size, the reduction of the side or lateral toes, and tooth changes from a browsing to a grazing type.

One of the first horses known, *Eohippus*, a small animal not much larger than a house cat, had three functional toes on the hind feet and four on the front. With use the center toe gradually became larger, and with less use the side toes became smaller, until horses

walked on the center toe and the lateral ones were reduced to mere splints, as in the modern horse.

The teeth of *Eohippus* are low-crowned with high knobs or cusps on the grinding surface, indicating a browsing habit. The premolars are much smaller and simpler in pattern. In the successive stages the cusps fuse into cross-crests, making a more complex grinding surface such as is typical of grazing animals feeding on tough grasses. The premolars become more like the molars, and another substance, cement, is added to the enamel and dentine of the tooth.

Merychippus represents the transition between the early Tertiary horses having short-crowned teeth with little or no cement and more or less functional side toes, and the later stages having long-crowned, heavily cemented teeth

and much reduced side toes. This makes *Merychippus* a very important link in the evolution of the horse. Fossil remains of *Merychippus* are found in middle to upper Miocene continental sediments in most areas where these sediments occur in the western part of the United States. Hay's *Catalogue of Fossil Vertebrates of North America* of 1930 lists forty-five species of *Merychippus*. This is probably exceeded only by *Equus*, the modern genus.

Fossil horses are one of the best index fossil vertebrates and are used largely as a standard for the correlation of terrestrial Tertiary deposits.

The Carnegie specimen as mounted by S. Agostini stands 9 hands high, in contrast to an average horse of today—17 to 21 hands—and is built on very graceful lines. Its limbs are very slender and the feet small. The center toe is the only one that is functional. The lateral toes, while having all the segments present, are much reduced in size. The skull is exceptionally large for the body as compared to the modern horse; it measures 15 inches in length. The eye socket, due to the elongation of the anterior part of the skull, is farther back than in the earlier horses and not so far as in the modern horse.



OUT OF DOORS

WITH its tufts of red or orange-red flowers swaying in fierce March winds, the Red Maple is to be seen in city parks and on wooded hillsides, a welcome sign that spring is near.

Unlike most early flowering trees which bloom before the leaves appear, the Red Maple does not cast its pollen upon the fickle winds. Its nectar is eagerly sought by the early bees, which, attracted by a delicate fragrance, carry the pollen from flower to flower and lay up delicious honey, oftentimes even while the snows of late winter linger.

There are two kinds of flowers: those with stamens only (upper drawings) and those with carpels and short stamens (lower). Some trees bear both kinds of flowers, while other trees bear only one or the other kind. This indecision probably indicates that the Red Maple is now evolving into a species with some trees bearing only stamens, the others with only carpels. —O.E.J.

4 TREASURE CHEST 1

Among the early books published in Pittsburgh, none was better known than the *Navigator*. The first of the annual editions, dated 1802, contains an "ample account of those beautiful rivers"—namely the Monongahela, Allegheny, and Ohio.

The publication was much in demand by pilots, merchants, and the new settlers going to the west. Advice was given on how to judge a well-built boat and how to navigate the rivers; the location of rocks, shoals, channels, and riffles was given, and also the distance from place to place.

Zadok Cramer, local printer, was the author, editor, and publisher of the famous series which continued until 1824. Mr. Cramer printed very favorable comments on Pittsburgh and did much toward advertising the city.

Copies of the *Navigator* and other of Mr. Cramer's literary publications, including almanacs, are among the rarities in the Pennsylvania Room of Carnegie Library. —R. D.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



THE Technology Department of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, the first of its kind in any library in the world, in view of recent rapidly mounting prices has been faced with the impossibility of keeping up with the vast output of technical reference literature.

To remedy this condition, the Pittsburgh Section of the American Chemical Society established a Technology Library Fund late in 1944. The project was instigated by Dr. Gilbert Thiessen, chairman of the Section's Library Committee, and furthered by the active interest of the chairman of the Pittsburgh Section, Dr. W. A. Gruse, who appointed a committee to raise funds for the Technology Department. The chairman of this committee was Chester G. Fisher, who personally assumed both the cost and the work of the campaign and carried it on with admirable results.

The initial contribution was \$2,000 from the treasury of the Pittsburgh Section, and additional gifts from industry, institutions, and individuals raised the total to about \$70,000.

Distinct from this campaign was a gift of \$1,500 in 1945 from the Association of Iron and Steel Engineers, promoted by Charles L. McGranahan and Brent Wiley who were, at that time, president and managing director of the Association. About two-thirds of this donation has been spent for engineering literature likely to be of interest to the members of the Association.

From the chemists' Technology Library Fund the amount withdrawn for technical reference literature up to the middle of February 1947 was \$14,844.

Through subscriptions to several hundred new journals, and the purchase of important reference works in several languages, these funds have been of immeasurable service to the Technology Department and thus to the clientele which it serves. Ellwood H. McClelland

is head of the Technology Department.

Efforts are being made to secure a world-famous collection of Parnassius butterflies for Carnegie Institute. This group of more than 30,000 specimens has been assembled over many years by Curt Eisner, German entomologist now living in Holland. Particularly rich in forms from Central Asia, the main home of Parnassius, it is by far the largest and most complete collection in the world. Its purchase, which will require \$21,000, seems to draw nearer with gifts from Dr. Andrey Avinoff amounting to \$7,000, and an additional \$1,000 from another source. When Dr. Avinoff retired from the Museum directorship, he presented to the Museum his own collection of his favorite Parnassius, which included an almost complete representation of the species in the genus, and was the largest of its kind in the United States. The Eisner collection will be more adequately described by Dr. Avinoff in a later issue of *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE*.

The sum of \$21,004 from the estate of the late Anna R. D. Gillespie has been received by the Carnegie Institute. This is to be invested and one half of the income derived to be used for the Library, one fourth each for the Departments of Fine Arts and Museum.

From the estate of Louis C. Bihler a bequest of \$5,000 is made for the Carnegie Institute.

The following friends have contributed toward purchase of memorial books by the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh: Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Gordon, Mrs. R. E. Griswold; Mrs. Jesse Macfarlane, in memory of Mrs. Scott A. White; Irene Stewart; Rose Weigel; and Martha V. Wirth, in memory of Alice Wirth Wirsing.

Active contributors to the David H. Light Memorial Fund number 150, and will be listed at a later date.



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY AUSTIN WRIGHT

Head, Department of English,
Carnegie Institute of Technology



LONG, long ago, before any of my readers were born and when I was still a sophomore, George Ade wrote a farce called *The College Widow*, which he described as "an attempt to have a little harmless fun with college undergraduates." This naive little play has been dusted off, provided with authentic and amusing period costumes, enlivened with a scattering of musical interludes, and played by the Department of Drama in a way to bring out not only every flash of humor that Ade put into it in 1904, but all the fun that clusters like a sort of unearned increment about any ephemeral comedy brought back to the boards after an interval of some forty years.

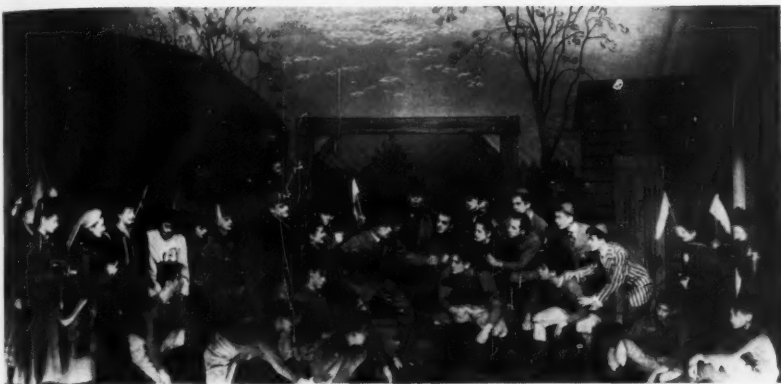
Lawrence Carra, a talented newcomer to the faculty of Carnegie Institute of Technology, directed *The College Widow*. Mr. Carra came to Carnegie from the University of Texas, where he had been acting head of the Department of Drama, and the skill with which he breathed life into the puppet characters of Ade's aged farce and smoothly co-ordinated the activities of the more than a hundred persons engaged in the production amply demonstrated his ability.

It is probably too early to judge George Ade and determine his rightful place in American literature, but though at one time such critics as H. L. Mencken and Carl Van Doren praised him with considerable warmth and admitted him to that distinguished line of distinctly American vernacular philosophers which includes Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and Mr. Dooley, I cannot believe that he will be long remembered. The brash, practical, aggressive, low-brow philosophy of his once-famous *Fables* is already dated,

and not likely to receive any widespread revival of interest.

It is not surprising to find Ade writing *The College Widow* at the age of thirty-eight, for throughout his long career he retained a boyish interest in the social and athletic life of the campus. A graduate of Purdue in the class of 1887, and a confirmed bachelor, he was always a devoted supporter of Purdue teams, took an active part in the affairs of his fraternity, and in his fifties promoted for his grateful Alma Mater the building of a football stadium which bears his name. No wonder that in *The College Widow* the harried president, the nincompoop faculty as represented by Copernicus Talbot, and that source of pride to the college intellectuals—the mastodon—serve only as ridiculous foils to the important ingredients of college life—handsome halfbacks, victory over the archrival, and love-on-the-campus.

If the plot reads as though the author had undertaken to assemble a farce out of only the most representative materials lifted from only the most representative undergraduate shows produced by only the most representative campus organizations annually during the last forty years, it is less Ade's fault than the inevitable result of so many writers' having fished the same stream since he dropped his line into it. Gloom pervades the campus of old Atwater because an inept varsity seems doomed once more to ignominious defeat at the hands of Bingham. But when Billy Bolton, famed breakaway runner from the Middle West, visits the campus on his way to play football for his railroad-magnate father's old college of Bingham, hope revives: if Jane, the college widow, beautiful daughter of At-



STUDENT ACTORS IN A SCENE FROM "THE COLLEGE WIDOW"

water's President Witherspoon and beloved of Atwater's football coach, can by her charms persuade Billy to stay—and, by gee and by Jiminy, so she does! Follows anger on the part of old Hiram Bolton, boyhood friend of President Witherspoon, who had sailed for London on a business mission believing that his son would be bucking the line for Bingham; follows victory for Atwater through a 105-yard last-minute run by Billy; follows heartbreak when Billy learns of the plot and assumes that an unscrupulous Jane has only been making a fool out of him; follow protestations, explanations, reconciliation, and three rahs for Atwater.

This outline Ade filled in with additional episodes such as the difficulties experienced by young Stub Tallmadge in eluding the loquacious pursuit of a townie, Flora Wiggins, whom he has jilted and to whose mother he still owes \$18 for board; the troubles of Daniel Tibbetts, once of the regular army but now so unfortunate as to be marshal in a college town; the wiles of a professional chaperone, Mrs. Primly Dalzelle, whose fondness for the dear boys results in rather a bleak time of it for the dear girls; the evolution of rustic little Bub Hicks into a college sport, much to the astonishment of his father, the Honorable Elam Hicks, State Senator from Squantamville; the career of

Silent Murphy, solid bone from ear to ear but a handy man in the middle of a rush line; and student irritation at a faculty so un-co-operative, so blind to the best interests of Atwater, as to insist that the men on the team be up in their class work. It was the *Harvard Crimson*, by the way, not the *Atwater Bugle*, that once urged the president of the university to trade in three full professors for a good running halfback.

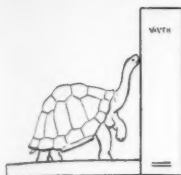
Mr. Carra and his faculty and student aides in the fields of painting, costumes, lights, and music gave to *The College Widow* a handsome production staged before backdrops and in a nostalgic atmosphere that made Atwater as real as one's own Alma Mater. There was a gaudy curtain that might have been painted by Howard Chandler Christy, and George Stupakis deserves a varsity letter for his grand stage settings. The players sported jumpers and middy blouses and turtle-neck sweaters and blazers and bell-bottom trousers and straw hats and derbies right out of the mail-order catalogues of Theodore Roosevelt's administration, and the musical numbers and dances interspersed throughout the performance added a touch without which the evening would have been much less gay. The curtain call, with the ensemble grouped on the steps of the Grand Central Hotel and frozen in the grotesque poses typical of

group photographs of the period, was delightful. But even more memorable was the skillful device whereby the touchdown dash of Billy Bolton was staged before the eyes of the startled and appreciative audience.

Only six roles in the long list of characters were double-cast, and though I saw three performances, it so happened that each time I saw the Jane and the Talbot of the second cast. Jane carried off well what I am tempted to call the most challenging role in the farce because of the special demands it makes in the way of beauty and charm: she had to render absolutely negligible the competitive attractions of a group of classy co-eds who certainly didn't look like that in my—er—where was I? Oh, yes. Jane was more than adequate, though her singing voice, never robust, dwindled almost to inaudibility as she performed the tearful "No One to Blame but Myself," a pleasant little song of which the words and music were specially composed by George Woods. Talbot was splendid. He made every one of his brief speeches count, and his gestures and mannerisms, though never obtrusive, added stature to his role and made it far funnier than a reader of the play would expect it to be. The other double-cast roles were those of Flora Wiggins; Mrs. Dalzelle; Jack Larrabee, the alumnus-coach; and Bessie Tanner, the athletic girl who wishes she were a college man and who "didn't miss it very far." Flora was excellent in both casts—a little funnier in the first because of her diminutive figure and gift for clowning, but in the second more commanding and, in her desperate but ill-fated efforts at correctness of speech and the external mannerisms of a lady, a character of considerable impact. The first Jack had the good looks and quiet distinction of a Richard Harding Davis, and he played the role almost straight; the second Jack was more aggressive and vigorous, and his burlesque of the emotional football coach, the offended suitor, and the traditional good loser in love was very

funny. The actresses who played Mrs. Dalzelle had a thankless task, for to anyone born since 1900 a chaperone is as fantastic and unreal a creature as the Atwater mastodon. The best line that Ade gives Bessie is her protest that she really is fond of the popular Jane and would like nothing better than to see her marry some rich man and—settle down.

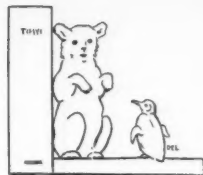
Stub Tallmadge and Billy Bolton were ideally cast. Stub, the campus cur-up and college jester, could well have become most obnoxious by the end of the evening, but the fact that after three performances I was still enjoying the actor's cheerful overplaying of his play-boy role is proof of his abilities. Billy was just right—handsome, athletic, gifted with a ringing tenor voice, a ladies' man and yet sufficiently inexpert in feminine psychology to merit his father's reproof, "No wonder you've been a freshman for four years." As for that dapper rascal Hiram Bolton and his unctuous friend President Witherspoon—what a grand pair of farce characters they are! Both were extremely well presented, and they and Senator Hicks took the show away from the young folks every time the author gave them half a chance. One reason for this success was the infectious delight which all three actors took in their roles. Poor old Witherspoon was a smart-aleck newspaperman's caricature of the kind of old-school college president Stephen Leacock once described so amusingly, and in the actor who played the part Ade had an enthusiastic collaborator in the undermining of academic dignity. It might be added that those of us who know something about small, struggling denominational colleges found Witherspoon's pride in his precious mastodon nearly as pathetic as it was humorous. There remains space only for a rah apiece for Ollie Mitchell, Matty McGowan, Bub Hicks, and Silent Murphy, and three booms and a tiger for the dress-suit quartet which sang "Silver Dollar" and for the specialty dancers Hopper and Hicks.



THE SCIENTIST'S BOOKSHELF

BY M. GRAHAM NETTING

Curator of Herpetology, Carnegie Museum



NEW ENGLAND'S BURIED TREASURE BY CLAY PERRY. New York: Stephen Daye Press. 1946. 348 p., 56 illus. \$3.50. Carnegie Library Lending Department.



No matter how circumspect our behavior, each of us stems from a long line of cave-men, for the human race has spent immeasurably more time in caves than in houses. Much of what we know of man's early days

has been gleaned from screening the rubbish that accumulated beneath him in caverns. Modern names for ancient caves are inextricably woven into the fascinating tapestry of anthropology: Choukoutien calls to mind cannibalistic Peking-Man; Felderhoffer Grotte, overlooking Germany's Neander Valley, sheltered Neanderthal Man; Altamira in the Pyrenees boasts animal murals limned by Magdalenian artists in pigments more lasting than those of today; el-Tabūn, "the oven" of Mt. Carmel, provided no-cost housing for fifty millennia or so; and Sandia Cave, New Mexico, harbored some of the very earliest Americans, twenty-five thousand years ago.

In view of our troglodytic past it is not astonishing that caves exert a fascination that is, if not universal, at least widespread. Just why anyone should voluntarily leave a comfortable home, journey for hours, pant up a mountainside, leave the blue sky and bright sun behind, and squirm through rocky-roofed, mud-floored passages, in the hope of reaching a chamber as garish as a theatre foyer, has never been satisfactorily explained. I am casting no

aspersions for I do it myself, although I am more speleologist (one who attributes his caving to scientific interest) than spelunker (one who admits he goes caving for fun).

It is astonishing that relatively few books have been written about American caves. Clay Perry's *Underground New England—Tall Tales of Small Caves*, not published until 1935, is credited with having inspired the formation of the National Speleological Society in 1939. The present expanded treatment is announced as the first volume of a projected "American Cave Series," each book of which will be officially blest by the now thriving Society. The author believes that the small passages of New England's caves inhibited exploration until the invention of the flashlight, thus retarding descriptive literature, but fostering local legend. "Men who did not know the actual depth or length of a cave used imaginations in describing them. . . . They imagined blind fish, eyeless salamanders and transparent snakes in a cave that ran under the mountain four miles from Pownal to Bennington, Vermont," and even modern editors scoffed at the explorers who went in about 150 feet and reported no such marvels or distances underground."

"New England caves have sheltered robbers, lovers, hermits, lovelorn, criminals, counterfeits galore; lost persons, lost sheep and dogs, cattle, wild animals, birds, bats, fugitives from justice, rebels and Tories, pale crickets and spiders and moths, white earthworms, poets and an army of small boys." This book is about all these and more. There are descriptions of noc-

turnal torchlight processions of costumed literary and society parties through "purgatories"—one of the gay revelries of the gay '90s previously unknown to this reviewer. There is a detailed account of old Newgate Prison, originally a copper mine, and a repetitious chapter about the rock buildings and man-made tunnels of North Salem, and other sites, which are accepted by some scholars as evidence of Irish settlements in New England before the coming of the Norsemen.

New England's caves, largely confined to a narrow belt of limestone along the western margin of the area, are small, none exceeding 612 feet in length. The characterization, "It is one of those small caves with a big story about it," applies equally well to others, and the tales associated with the caves are the "buried treasure" alluded to in the title. So they may be to residents interested in the minutiae of local history, but to an outlander accustomed to larger and less storied caverns some of the "treasure" resembles fool's gold. Any cave of which nothing more can be said than that it once harbored a local bad man leaves me as cold as a hibernating bat. And when this moiety is expanded to a chapter-length biography of the murderer, I find my thoughts wandering to caves that house respectable cave salamanders and that have no historic past.

Intertwined with historical detail, however, is such a variety of cave lore that Mr. Perry's book serves as a useful introduction to spelunking. In excellence of illustration it leaves nothing to be desired. The photographs run the gamut of caving experiences possible in the area and indicate to the sedentary what pleasures they are foregoing. The frontispiece, of the author in full spelunker regalia, might well have been matched by a portrait after a "wet crawl up a shallow but very cold, wet brook for fifty feet, asquirm on knees, elbows, and belly."

Many spelunkers have irrepressible senses of humor, as "Small Cave Photography," the opening section of the

appendix, proves. The contributor, G. A. Raiche, warns photographers that "the usual cave is a light-blotter. Taking a picture in the typical cave, and particularly in a large one, is like photographing a black-face comedian in a black velvet suit in San Francisco Bay during a fog, at night." His suggestions are eminently practical, yet he has the enviable knack of insinuating facts into easily remembered quips, as the following quotations attest: "A tripod is nice to have, perhaps to use as a splint if one should break a leg or two inside a cave, but it is apt to be a liability in cave photography. . . . It is a 'must' in color cave photography to have the members of your party wear brightly colored clothing. Red shirts or jackets are preferred. Blondes photograph well in normal color photography, of course, but exceptionally well in cave photography."

The appendix also includes a brief discussion of cave geology and a lengthier treatment of underground wildlife, especially bats. Donald R. Griffin, and our Pennsylvania pioneer in cave faunal studies, Charles E. Mohr, proved by bat-banding that each bat colony has an intense loyalty to its home cave, no matter how humble. If Dr. Griffin was ever plagued, as scientists generally are, by the question "Why waste your time on that?" he can now reply by pointing to a Government citation for his success in teaching blinded soldiers to use a form of echolocation based upon the system he discovered that bats use in avoiding ladies' hair or in zigzagging along a dark cave corridor.

Pennsylvania has numerous caves, both unexplored and commercialized, but not enough spelunkers to pry into their utmost crannies. If any readers are overcome with a desire to emulate early cavemen, I shall be happy to recommend a number of caverns, guaranteed free of the great cave bears that often had to be dispossessed by our ancestors before they could move into a delightful three-room cave overlooking a game-filled valley.

CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

NOTES AND NOTIONS

Pittsburgh can be made a park city!
Pittsburgh must not be a dark city!

An exhibit labeled "Pittsburgh in Progress" in the Lending Room of the Carnegie Library currently serves as a follow-up to the vision of the future, locally speaking, as displayed at Kaufmann's Department Store last month. The Library exhibit includes photographs and drawings, folders, books and suggestions for reading.

~ ~ ~

Homer Saint-Gaudens is now on his annual pilgrimage in search of pictures for the exhibition, *Painting in the United States, 1947*. He left Pittsburgh by automobile on February 14 and will not return until about March 25.

As soon as one of the Founder's Day exhibitions ends, plans are made at once for the next show. Lists of artists to be invited are prepared, and Mr. Saint-Gaudens starts off on his journey. He makes a point of visiting as many artists as possible and selecting paintings from their studios. He also visits the various exhibitions and galleries in the hope of finding new talent for the show.

~ ~ ~

Stephen Foster's piano, used during the 1850s in composition of many of his best-loved melodies, has been lent to the Stephen Foster Memorial on a long-time basis by the Carnegie Institute. The Dubois and Stodart rosewood instrument, six-octave keyboard, with four huge legs and a pedal lyre, originally belonged to the composer's brother, Henry Baldwin Foster. His sister-in-law gave it to Stephen, but it remained in his brother's home "Elm Cottage" on Butler Street, Lawrenceville, where he did much of his work. It was presented to the Carnegie Museum in 1899 by Foster's grandnephew.

~ ~ ~

"Ermine is vermin"—in the spring and summer, to hunters; but in the winter, vermin is ermine to the ladies. This statement is explained in a double display of the weasel in its brown summer and white winter coats, in the Museum entrance hall.

~ ~ ~

Going spelunking? If you don't know what the word means, you've skipped "The Scientist's Bookshelf" this month.

A kit of the minimum essentials for spelunking, as recommended and lent by G. Alexander Robertson of the National Speleological Society's Richmond, Va., Grorito, is on display in the Hall of Minerals.

The kit includes a large flashlight with two extra batteries and extra bulb, a large candle, matches in a metal container, ball of twine, replacement materials for a carbide lamp, a rubber bottle for drinking water or water for carbide. Light sources are assured for twenty-four hours by the contents of the kit.

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